

was trating a few friends, but Tom Carty, a first-cousin of the bride's, an' sez he, "Finn, Mick Doolan is in town; let us go find him, an' give him a right bating, as he deserves." "Done," sez I, an' away we started, looking into every tavern in the city; and batone the walking and the whiskey—for we couldn't go in without taking a drap—I very soon got knocked over, an' what bekem ov mo after that I knoy not, until next morning I woke up an' found myself in the polis station, an' I was half mad till Misher Gurnett kem. I was brought before him and fined five dollars. As soon as I got clear, I ran as hard as I could to Murphy's, and, bolting into the door, I asked where was my Julia. "Oh! yo bloody villain?" roared ould Murphy, catching me by the throat; "what have ye done wid me daughter? Hould him—ould him!" he roared—"he's murdered me child—me Julia!" Wid that a half dozen grabbed mo, and held me fast till the polis kem and walked me off to jail for making away wid me bride. I don't know how long they kop me there, till one day I was brought into coort, when a gentleman showed a letter to the judge, who ordered me to be released, and all the people laughed to split their sides; but, be the mortal gob! I was in no laughing humor. Whin I was goin away, the gentleman kem to me with the letter, an' sez he, "read that." "But," sez I, "I cant." So he read it for me; whin, sure enough, it was from Julia, an', sez she, not wishing to get married to sich an ignorant bosthoon as myself, she wint away and got married to her own darlint, Mickey Doolan, and they were both alive and happy in Buffalo. So away I went, and not caring what I did, I listed to sarve the Queen in the bould 100th.

THE YACHT CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD.

In a schooner sixty tons smaller than that of Mr. Bennett, but iron-built, an English yachtman has recently returned from a cruise which is to that of the 'Henrietta' what that of the 'Henrietta' is to a trip from Coves to Cherbourg. The story too, has a sadness about it which makes it, perchance, none the less suitable a yarn for Christmas time, or to the yacht-match itself. Captain Hannam, of the schooner yacht 'Themis,' one hundred and forty tons, left England in April, 1864, two years and a-half ago. His wife went with him; he sailed his own ship; his chief officer had been a lieutenant in the navy; and the crew consisted of eleven others, all told. To touch at Maderia, at Teneriffe, at Rio, all this was holiday work; it was just the ideal way of passing a summer that many an Englishman has yearned for; but afterwards the 'Themis' bore steadily south, on a track which few people have ever followed for pleasure. She touched at Port St Julian, that ill omened harbor where first Magellan and afterwards Drake had to erect a gibbet, and use it; and then on the 30th August she fairly entered Magellan's Straits, the navigation of which—though not so terrible to seamanship as it seemed to the brave old fellows who first gave us the chance of trying it at all, is yet about as unlike the ordinary notion of a yacht's proper work as can be well imagined. Exceptionally fortunate, Captain Hannam got in twelve days through the dreary channel which took even lucky Francis Drake seventeen to traverse, and which the unfortunate Byron, "Foul weather Jack," could not clear in six weeks. Off Massafuera—a lonely island in about the same latitude as Juan Fernandez, but further to the westward—Captain Hannam's lieutenant died; and thenceforth the duties of

command devolved exclusively upon Hannam himself. He touched at Callao, and leaving it on the 13th December, sailed right across toward the Sandwich Islands, a distance of over five thousand miles seaway. In forty days he reached Owyhee—the scene of Cook's heroic death, not yet a hundred years ago—and spent the greater part of 1865 in cruising about the archipelago. Leaving it in November, he sailed homeward, putting in at the Marquesas; but before he gained Valparaiso there was another death on board, and Captain Hannam was a widower. We shrink from intruding on private sorrow, but it may be well said that this loss made him undertake the roughest work he could find. And rough enough, in all conscience, it was! He determined to sail back through the Straits of Sarmiento, a branch spreading to the northward out of Magellan's, and named after the gallant leader of a Spanish colony who perished there miserably nearly three centuries ago. Hannam entered it near the dismal spot where the Wager was lost from Hudson's squadron; and he stayed two months in the dreary region of almost perpetual fog and bitter cold, exploring every inlet, examining every anchorage, sounding every channel, whilst the storms came thundering up from the South Polar Ocean, and the long waves broke on the most desolate land in the world. Leaving it at length, his self imposed task being thoroughly done, he touched at Montevideo, and then made the best of his way to England. The remains of his wife—for there had been a coffin on board all through the lonely time—were buried in Dorsetshire churchyard; and it was but a week or two ago that the Southampton shipwrights were busily at work dismantling the brave little 'Themis.'—[London Telegraph.]

MILITARY EXECUTION IN FRANCE.

A TERRIBLE SPECTACLE.

An English journal publishes the following details of the execution, at Vincennes, lately, of two French soldiers, convicted of murder in Paris:

"The two soldiers of the Imperial Guard, Ciosi and Agostini, were shot this morning at Vincennes, pursuant to the sentence of a court-martial, for the murder in the wine shop at Champperret. The execution was a grand and terrible military spectacle. A company from every regiment of the army of Paris attended. The second and third regiments of the Voltigeurs of the Guard, to which the unfortunate prisoners belonged, were on the ground in full force. Gen. Soumain commanded the parade. The firing party consisted of four sergeants, four corporals, and four privates, commanded by two adjutants. The men to whom the sad task was assigned, were feelingly told by their officers, while loading their firelocks in their respective barracks, that they had not only a military duty to perform, but one of humanity, which required them to take good aim. The prisoners were warned at four in the morning that their request for the Emperor's pardon had been rejected, and that they must prepare to die. One of them, Ciosi, received the fatal news with a calmness and courage which he maintained to the last; but Agostini's nerves failed him. The two priests in attendance effected a reconciliation between the two men. Agostini had spoken very bitterly of his comrade, and when at last he stretched out his hand to him, he said, 'You know well enough that you alone are guilty.' Before mounting the cellular carriage in waiting to conduct them to the place of execution, they

were offered wine, brandy and bread; Agostini took some refreshment, but Ciosi asked only for cigars, which he continued to smoke to the end. The morning was terribly cold. At half past eight o'clock, the condemned stepped out of the carriage to the spot where they were to be shot to death. They wore warmly clad in full uniform, with military cloaks around them, and Ciosi had carefully put on white gloves. General Soumain exercised the prerogative which the military code gave him of excusing the men from military degradation, and they wore shot in their uniforms. When a French soldier is shot, he is permitted, if he pleases, to refuse to have his eyes bandaged. Ciosi at first refused; afterwards, at the suggestion of his confessor, consented, but ultimately tore off the bandage, knelt down, and looked steadily in the face of his old comrades, who were to fire at ten paces. Looking at Agostini, who, though with eyes bound, was not able to keep upon his knees, but fell down, he said in a tone of pity and contempt, 'Poor Agostini!' Immediately before the order to fire was given, Ciosi, in a firm voice, addressing the firing party, said—'Dear comrades, I am guilty of the crime; but, upon my conscience, I did not intend to rob. I beg the pardon of God and of you. Adieu!' Agostini, completely broken down by fear, was obliged to be tied to a post before he could be shot at. The criminals were fired at separately. One of them (the report differs as to which) did not appear to be quite dead after the volley, and one of the soldiers coming near him blew out his brains, which scattered about in a manner shocking to behold. According to military regulations, all the troops present filed past before the dead bodies, drums beating and colors flying. There was a great crowd of Parisians on the vast plain of Vincennes, attracted by the news of the execution. Night cabmen who had seen the movement of the troops and ascertained the cause, canvassed many with success. But all the would-be sight-seers were disappointed, and had a cold ride for nothing. The military kept all civilians outside their lines, and the spectacle of the death of the two Corsican soldiers was witnessed exclusively by the soldiers for whose example it was intended.

THE BELGIANS AT WIMBLEDON. 1867.

The following is a translation of an article, headed "Aux Rifleman Anglais," and bearing the motto "Time is money," which appears in the Brussels 'Franc Tireur' of the 13th ultimo:

"The English journals inform us that meetings of Volunteers are being held in all the Counties of Great Britain, for the purpose of nominating committees, charged with the duty of making arrangements for the 'fetes' which are to be given at the time of the great International Rifle Meeting at Wimbledon. We are fully persuaded that the reception which is being prepared for the Belgian marksmen will surpass all their expectations; for we know perfectly well that when a nation has once taken possession of 'Messieurs les Anglais,' they always carry it out on the most gigantic scale. Their works are before us to justify this opinion. Our old Europe, which last year was shedding tears over the remembrance of the horrible slaughter in Germany and Italy, will twice over, this year, see all her children united in fraternal and pacific strife in the arena of her two most powerful capitals—in Paris for the Universal Exhibition, and in London for the great Prize Meeting of the National Rifle Association. There is